Rich. Cry mercy Lords, and watchfull gentlemen,
That you haue tane a tardy sluggard heere.
Lor. How haue you slept my Lord?
Rich. The sweetest sleepe, and fairest boding dreames,
That euer entred in a drowsie head,
Haue I since your departure had my Lord:
Me thought their soules whose body *Richard* murthered,
Came to my Tent and cried on victory;
I promise you my soule is very iocund,
In the remembrance of so faire a dreame,
How farre into the mourning is it Lords?
Lor. Vpon the stroke of foure.
Rich. Why then tis time to arme, and giue direction.
More then I haue said, louing country-men, (*His Oration to*
The leisure and inforcement of the time, (*his Souldiers.*
Forbids to dwell vpon, yet remember this,
God, and our good cause, fight vpon our side,
The prayers of holy Saints and wronged soules,
Like high reard bulworkes stand before our faces,
Richard except, those whom we fight against,
Had rather haue vs winne, then him they follow:
For what is he they follow? truely gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide.
On raised in bloud, and on in bloud established;
One that made meanes to come by that he hath,
And slaughtered those that were the meanes to helpe him;
A base foule stone, made precious by the soyle
Of *Englands* chaire, where he is falsly set,
On that hath euer beene Gods enemy:
Then if you fight against Gods enemy.
God will in iustice reward you as his Souldiers
If you sweare to put a tyrant downe,
You sleepe in peace the tyrant being slaine,
If you doe fight against your countryes foes,
Your countries fat shall pay your paines the hire.
If you doe fight in safegard of your wiues,
Your wiues shall welcome home the conquerours:
If you doe free your children from the Sword.
Your childrens children quits it in your age;

Then

Then in the name of God and
Aduance your standards, draw
For me, the ransome of my bo
Shall be this cold corps on the
But if I thriue, the gaine of m
The least of you shall share his
Sound drumes and trumpets b
God, and Saint *George*, *Rich*
Enter King Richa
King. What sayd *Northumber*
Rat. That he was neuer tra
King. He sayd the truth, and
Rat. He smiled and sayd, th
King. He was in the right, a
Tell the Clocke there.
Giue me a Kalender, who sa
Rat. Not I my Lord.
King. Then he disdaines to
He should haue brau'd the Eas
A blacke day will it be to so
Rat. My Lord.
King. The Sunne will not
The skie doth frowne and lowe
I would these dewy teares wer
Not shine to day, why, what
More then to *Richmond*? for th
That frownes on me lookes
Enter N
Nor. Arme, arme, my Lord
King. Come bustle, bustle, c
Call vp Lord *Stanley*, bid him
I will lead forth my Souldie
And thus my battell shall be
My fore-ward shall be draw
Consisting equally of Horse
Our Archers shall be placed i
Iohn Duke of *Norfolke*, *Tho*
Shall haue the leading of the
They thus directed, we wi

M

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22321) LONDON, 1634 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G